

Buena

Shawn Robinson

You are lemonade
Like this sunshine—
Pastel, almost,
Bouncing down
On your soft hands
And your sore cheeks
On my bad shoes
And my rolled sleeves

You are roses
Rising—
With warmth
Pretty petals
And layered folds
Soft red-caressed
My sleepy head rests
On your leaves

You are my summer
And every season after
Unbound by time,
Your hands in mine,
We'll fill Antarctica
With our laughter